

Sisters

By
KATHLEEN NORRIS

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—With his two daughters, Alex and Cherry, the latter just eighteen years old, and his niece, Anne, Doctor Strickland, retired, is living at Mill Valley, a short distance from San Francisco. His closest friend is Peter Joyce, something of a recluse. Visiting in the valley, Martin Lloyd, mining engineer, falls in love with and secretly becomes engaged to Cherry.

CHAPTER II.—While the family is speculating as to Lloyd's intentions, Cherry brings him to supper, practically announcing her engagement to him.

CHAPTER III.—Doctor Strickland feels Cherry is too young to marry and urges her to wait at least a year, but the girl coaxes him into agreeing to an immediate wedding and the ceremony takes place, the couple leaving at once for El Nido, where Martin is employed as a clerk.

CHAPTER IV.—The honeymoon days over, Cherry begins to feel a vague dissatisfaction with Martin and the monotony of her daily life.

CHAPTER V.—At Mill Valley, Justin Little, lawyer, becomes engaged to Anne, the wedding being set for September, some months distant. Alex visits Cherry at El Nido and the two girls coax Martin into allowing Cherry to go home for Anne's wedding.

CHAPTER VI.—In her father's house Cherry contrasts the peaceful, happy life there with her rather sordid existence at El Nido and realizes that her marriage has been something of a failure. Doctor Strickland, feeling that Cherry is not being fair to Martin, in that she is unduly prolonging her visit after Anne's wedding, urges her to return to her husband. She makes preparations for her departure.

CHAPTER VII.—Peter Joyce tells Cherry he has had a "grand passion" in his life, but the woman was not for him. He does not reveal her name. Cherry rejoins her husband.

CHAPTER VIII.—Doctor Strickland is stricken suddenly with what all perceive is a fatal illness. Alex summons Cherry to her father's deathbed. After the doctor's death it is discovered that years ago he had borrowed money from Anne's father and seemingly the debt was never discharged. With accumulated interest the amount practically consumed all the money the doctor left. Justin Little makes it manifest that he will insist on his wife's claims. It means that the two girls are left with practically nothing.

CHAPTER X.

Alexandra Strickland, coming down the stairway of the valley house on an April evening, glanced curiously at the door. Only eight o'clock, but the day had been so long and so quiet that she had fancied that the hour was much later, and had wondered who knocked so late.

She crossed to the door and opened it to darkness and rain, and to a man in a raincoat who whipped off a spattered cap and stood smiling in the light of the lamp she held. Instantly, with a sort of gasp of surprise and pleasure and some deeper emotion, she set down the lamp, and held out her hands gropingly and went into his arms. He laughed joyously as he kissed her, and for a minute they clung together.

"Peter!" she said. "You angel—when did you arrive and what are you doing, and tell me all about it!"

"But Alex—you're this!" Peter said, holding her at arm's length. "And—"

He gently touched the black she wore, and fixed puzzled and troubled eyes upon her face. "Alex—" he asked, apprehensively.

For answer she tried to smile at him, but her lips trembled and her eyes brimmed. She had led the way into the old sitting room.

"You heard—about Dad?" Alex faltered, turning to face him at the mantle.

"Your father!" Peter said, shocked. "But hadn't you heard, Peter?"

"My dear—my dearest child, I'm just off the steamer. I got in at six o'clock. I'd been thinking of you all the time, and I suddenly decided to cross the bay and come straight on to the valley, before I even went to the club or got my mail. Tell me—your father—"

She had knelt before the cold hearth, and he knelt beside her, and they bosied themselves with logs and kindling in the old way. A blaze crept up about the logs and Alex accepted Peter's handkerchief and wiped a streak of soot from her wrist, quite as if she was a child again, as she settled herself in her chair.

Peter took the doctor's chair, keeping his concerned and sympathetic eyes upon her.

"He was well one day," she said, simply, "and the next—the next, he didn't come downstairs, and Hong waited and waited—and about nine o'clock I went up—and he had fallen—he had fallen—"

She was in tears again and Peter put his hand out and covered hers and held it.

"He must have been going to call some one," said Alex, after a while, "they said he never suffered at all. This was January, the last day, and Cherry got here the same night. He knew us both toward morning. And that—that was all. Cherry was here for two weeks. Martin came and went—"

"Where is Cherry now?" Peter interrupted.

"Back at Red Creek," Alex wiped her eyes. "She hates it, but Martin had a good position there. Poor Cherry, it made her ill."

"Anne came?"

"Anne and Justin, of course," Peter could not understand Alex's expression. She fell silent, still holding his hand and looking at the fire.

He looked at her with a great rush of admiration and affection. She was not only a pretty and a clever woman; but, in her plain black, with this new aspect of gravity and dignity, and with new notes of pathos and appeal in her exquisite voice, he realized that she was an extremely charming woman.

Before he said good-by to her, he had asked her to marry him. He well remembered her look of bright and interested surprise.

"D'you mean to tell me you have forgotten your lady love of the hoop-skirts and ringlets?" she had demanded.

"No," Peter had told her, frankly. "I shall always love her, in a way. But she is married; she never thinks of me. And I like you so much, Alex; I like our music and cooking and trips and reading—together. Isn't that a pretty good basis for marriage?"

"No!" Alex had answered, decidedly. "Perhaps if I were madly in love with you I should say yes, and trust to little fingers to lead you gently, and so on—"

He remembered ending the conversation in one of his quick moods of irritation against her. If she couldn't take anybody or anything seriously—he had said.

Poor Alex—she was taking life seriously enough tonight, Peter thought, as he watched her.

"Tell me about Cherry," he said. "Cherry is well, but just a little thin, and heartbroken now, of course. Martin never seems to stay at any one place very long, so I keep hoping—"

"Doesn't make good!" Peter said, shaking his head.

"Doesn't seem to! It's partly Cherry, I think," Alex said honestly. "She was too young, really. She never quite settles down, or takes life in earnest. But he's got a contract now for three years, and so she seems to be resigning herself, and she has a maid, I believe."

"She must love him," Peter submitted. Alex looked surprised.

"Why not?" she smiled. "I suppose when you've had ups and downs with a man, and been rich and poor, and sick and well, and have lived in half-a-dozen different places, you rather take him for granted!" she added.

"Oh, you think it works that way?" Peter asked, with a keen look.

"Well, don't you think so? Aren't lots of marriages like that?"

"You false alarm. You quitter!" he answered. Alex laughed, a trifle guiltily. Also she flushed, with a great wave of splendid young color that made her face look seventeen again. "Your father left you—something, Alex?" Peter asked presently, with some hesitation.

"That," she answered frankly, "is where Anne comes in!"

"Anne?"

"Anne and Justin came straight over," Alex went on, "and they were really lovely. Doctor Younger and George Sewall were here every day; you and George were named as executors. I was so mixed up in policies and deeds and overdue taxes and interest and bonds—"

"Poor old Alex, if I had only been here to help you!" the man said. And for a moment they looked a little consciously at each other.

"Well, anyway," the girl resumed hastily, "when it came to reading the will, Anne and Justin sprung a mine under us! It seems that ten years ago, when the Strickland patent fire extinguisher was put upon the market, my adorable father didn't have much money—he never did have, somehow. So Anne's father, my Uncle Vincent, went into it with him to the extent of about three thousand dollars—"

"Three thousand!" Peter, who had been leaning forward, earnestly attentive, echoed in relief.

"That was all. Dad had about three hundred. Dad did all the work, and put in his three hundred, and Uncle Vincent put in three thousand—and the funny thing is," Alex broke off to say, musingly, "Uncle Vincent was perfectly splendid about it; I myself remember him saying, 'Don't worry, Lee. I'm speculating on my own responsibility, not yours.'"

"Well?" Peter prompted, as she hesitated.

"Well. They had a written agreement then, giving Uncle Vincent a third interest in the patent, should it be sold or put on the market—"

"Ha!" Peter ejaculated, struck. "Which, of course, was only a little while before Uncle Vincent died," Alex went on, with a grave nod. "The agreement lay in Dad's desk all these years—funny how easily he might have burned it many a time! But he didn't. George Sewall says that Anne is right. They've broken the will."

Peter, in the silence, whistled expressively.

"Gee-rusalem!" he exclaimed. "What does it come to?"

At this Alex looked very sober, gazed down at the fire and shook her head.

"All he had!" she answered, briefly. Peter was silent, looking at her in stupefaction.

"Almost, that is," Alex amended more cheerfully. "As it was—we should have had more than thirty thousand apiece. As it is, Anne gets it all, or if not quite all, nearly all."

"Gets!" he echoed, hotly. "How do you mean?"

"It seems to be perfectly just," the girl answered, rather lifelessly. But immediately she laughed. "Don't look so awful, Peter. In the first place, Cherry and I still have the house. In the second place, I am singing at St. Raphael's for five hundred a year, and singing other places now and then."

Anyway, I'm glad you're home again, Peter!" she added.

"Home again," he answered, half-angrily. "I should hope I am—and high time, too! Has this—this money been turned over to Anne?"

"Not yet. Nobody gets anything until the estate is cleared—a year or more from now. There are some things to be thankful for," Alex added, dashing the sudden tears from her eyes, "and one is that Dad never knew it!"

"I can't tell you how surprised I am at Anne," Peter said.

"Well, we all were!" Alex confessed. "But it's just Anne's odd little self-centered way," she added. "It was here, and she wanted it. Well—I let Hong go, and as soon as I can rent this house, I'm going to New York."

"Why New York, my dear girl?"

"Because I believe I can make a living there, singing and teaching and generally struggling with life!" she answered, cheerfully. "Cherry gets most of the money—they are always somewhat in debt, and I imagine that the reason she is able to have a nice apartment and a maid now is because she knows it is coming—and I get the house, and enough money to keep me going—say, a year, in New York."

"Do you want to go, Alex?" he said, affectionately.

"Yes, I think I do," she answered. But her eyes watered. "I do—in a way," she added. "That is, I love my singing, and the thought of making a success is delightful to me. But, of course, it means that I give up everything else. I can't have home life, and—the valley—for years, four or five anyway, I'll have to give all that up. And I'm twenty-seven, Peter. And I'd always rather hoped that my life was going to be a domestic variety—"

She stopped, smiling, but he saw the pain in her eyes. "George Sewall most kindly asked me to mother his small son—," she resumed, casually. "But although he is the dearest—"

"Sewall did!" Peter exclaimed, rather struck. "Great Scott! his father is one of the richest men in San Francisco."

"I know it," Alex agreed. "And he is one of the nicest men," she added. "But, of course, he'll never really love any one but Ursula. And I felt—oh, I felt too tired and alone and depressed to enter upon congratulations and clothes and family dinners with the Sewalls," she ended, a little drearily.

"I wanted—I wanted things in the old way—as they were—," she said, her voice thickening.

"I know—I know!" Peter said, sympathetically. And for a while there was silence in the little house, while the rain fell steadily upon the dark forest, without, and soaked branches swished about eaves and windows. "Can you put me up tonight?" he asked, suddenly. He liked her frank pleasure.

"Rather! I think Cherry's room was made up fresh last Monday," she told him.

She had risen, as if for good-nights, and was now beside the old square piano, where she had placed the lamp.

"I haven't touched it—since—," she said, sadly, sitting on the stool, and



She Was Now Beside the Old Square Piano.

with her eyes still smiling on him, putting back the hinged cover. And a moment later her hands, with the assurance and ease of the adept, drifted into one of the songs of the old days.

"Do you remember the day we put the rose tree back, Peter?" she asked. "When Martin was almost a stranger? And do you remember the day we made biscuits, over by the ocean?"

"I remember all the days," he answered, deeply stirred.

"We didn't see all this, then," Alex mused, still playing softly. "Anne claiming everything; for her husband, you and I here talking of Dad's death, and Cherry married—," She sighed.

"She's not happy?" he questioned quickly.

"She's not unhappy," she told him, with a troubled smile. "It's just one of those marriages that don't ever get anywhere, and don't ever stop," she added. "Martin has faults, he's unreasonable, and he makes enemies. But those aren't faults for which a woman can leave her husband. Oh, Peter," she added, laying a smooth, warm hand on his, and looking into his eyes with her honest eyes, "don't go away against Stay here in the valley for a week or two, and help me get everything worked out and thought out—I've been so much alone!"

"Dear old Alex!" he said, sitting

down on the bench beside her and putting his arm about her. She dropped her head on his shoulder, and so they sat, very still, for a long minute. Alex's hand went to her own shoulder, and her fingers tightened on his, and she breathed deep, contented breaths, like a child.

"Somebody ought to wire Mrs. Grundy, collect," she said, after awhile.

"We will defy Mrs. Grundy, my dear," Peter said, kissing the top of a soft brown braid, "by trotting off hand in hand tomorrow and getting ourselves married. Why, Alex, he gave us his consent years ago—don't you remember?"

"He did wish it!" she said, and burst into tears.

"I seem to be doing things in a slightly irregular manner," she said to him the next day, when they had gotten breakfast together, and were basking in the sunlight of the upper deck of the ferryboat, on their way to the city. "I spend the night before my marriage alone—in a small country house hidden in the woods—with my betrothed, and propose to buy my trousseau immediately after the ceremony!"

Her voice fell to a dreamy note, and she watched the gulls, wheeling in the sunshine, with thoughtful, smiling eyes. The man glanced at her once or twice, in the silence that followed, with something like hesitation, or compunction, in his look.

"Look, here, Alex—let's talk. I want to ask you something. There's never been anything—anything to tell you—or your father, if he was here," Peter said, flushed and a trifle awkward. "I'm not that kind of a man. But there has been that one thing—that one woman—"

Flushed, too, she was looking at him with bright, intelligent eyes. "But I thought she never even knew—"

"No, she never did!"

Alex looked back at the gulls.

"Oh, well, then—," she said, indifferently.

"Alex, would you like to know about her?" Peter said bravely. "Her name—and everything?"

"Oh, no, please, I'd much rather not!" she intercepted him hastily, and after a pause she added, "Our marriage isn't the usual marriage, in that way. I mean I'm not jealous, and I'm not going to cry my eyes out because there was another woman—is another woman, who meant more to you, or might have! I'm going into it with my eyes open, Peter. I know you love me, and I love you, and we both like the same things, and that's enough."

Three weeks later he remembered the moment, and asked her again. They were in the valley house now, and a bitter storm was whirling over the mountain. Peter's little cabin rocked to the gale, but they were warm and comfortable beside the fire; the room was lamp-lighted, scented by Alex's sweet single violets, white and purple, spilling themselves from a glass bowl, and by Peter's pipe, and by the good scent of green bay burning. The Joyses had had a happy day, had climbed the hills under a lowering sky, had come home to dry clothes and to cooking, for Kow was away, and had finally shared an epicurean meal beside the fire.

Peter was wrapped in deep content; the companionship of this normal, pretty woman, her quick words and quick laugh, her music, her glancing, bright interest in anything and everything, was the richest experience of his life. She had said that she would change nothing in his home, but her clever white fingers had changed everything. There was order now, there was charming fussing and dusting, there were flowers in bowls, and books set straight, and there was just the different little angle to piano and desk and chairs and tables that made the cabin a home at last. She wanted bricks for a path; he had laughed at her fervent, "Do give me a whole carload of bricks for Christmas, Peter!" She wanted bulbs to pot. He had lastly suggested that they open the town house while carpenters and painters remade the cabin, but she had protested hotly, "Oh, do let's keep it just as it always was!" Smiling, he gave her her way.

(To be continued)

BRUNSWICK BOY ON STADIUM COMMITTEE

Floyd Franklin Smith of Brunswick, a junior in the college of Agriculture has been chosen as Medina county representative on the Committee of 88, composed of one student from each county in Ohio at Ohio State University.

Smith will cooperate with alumni at Ohio State University in Medina county in arranging for the celebration locally of Ohio State Day on Nov. 25. He will also organize and lead a team in the campus campaign just getting under way to raise among new students additional pledges totaling \$75,000 to the Ohio Stadium Building Fund. The quota for Medina county is \$425.

The Ohio Stadium, to seat 64,000 people, is already under construction at a contract price of \$1,341,000, of which \$1,047,000 has been subscribed. Foundation work on the Stadium has been in progress for three months. Contractors began today the pouring of concrete for the first 15 rows of seats. The giant "horseshoe" will be ready for dedication early in the football season of 1922.

COURTS

DOCKET ENTRIES

F. P. Bagley vs. W. I. Dake, action for money and foreclosure. Judgment for plaintiff in the sum of \$3,313.36 with interest; decree of foreclosure, and sale ordered.

Chas. A. Curtiss vs. E. S. Ludlow, action for money only. Dismissed by plaintiff at his costs; no record.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Thomas A. Auble to R. A. Auble, lot 8, Wadsworth township.

H. B. Brown et al. to Clyde C. Butolph et al., 52.47 acres, Brunswick.

C. G. Bohley et al. to Frank Miller et al., 1 acre, York.

Clyde C. Butolph et al. to Theodore and Augusta Selig, 84 1-2 acres, Medina.

Corra and W. C. Carlton to Luke W. and Ada Battle, 42.52 acres, York.

Jos. and Mary Ciomcia to Lawrence and Anna Wierneck, 55 acres, Hinckley.

Levi B. and Mary Clark to R. A. and Josie Snowball, 53.68 acres, Montville.

Frances, R. H. and Alta Cotner to Newton N. Reese, 2 acres, Lafayette.

Thos. J. Huffman et al. to Mable Hand, .31 acre, Medina township.

Anthony and Justyna Jakymetz to Peter and Agnes Plizga, 54.62 acres, Montville.

Pearl Miller et al. to Robert Monsey, lot 155, Medina village.

Oscar and Lucy Nicodemus to Abraham Wolf, lot 229, Wadsworth village.

Andrew and Antonia Ratajczak to Jan and Agnieszka, 20 acres, Brunswick.

John J. Rauscher to Helen Rauscher, 24.88 acres, York.

Price Russell, trustee, to S. M. and S. L. White, outlot 42, Seville village.

Wm. Sidencranz et al. to Jessie Palmer, 1-4 acres, Medina township.

M. L. Shook, executor, to C. B. Wood, 3-4 acre, Chatham.

A. E. Thomson et al. to The Akron Universal Tire & Rubber Co., 1-4 acre, Medina village.

Clyde and Mollie Tanner to Elmer and Mary Freeman, 130.61 acres, Westfield.

Elmora Walker et al. to Homer N. Watkins, 60 acres, Medina.

PROBATE

Siddie Florence Howland appointed administratrix of estate of Wm. N. Search, deceased.

Hearing had and will of Paul Bickler, deceased, admitted to probate.

Hearing had and will of Roxana Murray, deceased, admitted to probate.

Augusta Beach appointed executrix of will of Roxana Murray, deceased.

Hearing had and will of Ralph F. Herthneck, deceased, admitted to probate.

Report of public sale of personal property filed in estate of Edward Shook, deceased.

Geo. W. Spencer appointed guardian of estate of Florence Search and Richard N. Search, minors.

Election will be held Saturday, Nov. 26, 1921, from 1 o'clock to 3 o'clock, P. M., in the Town Hall, Medina to choose directors of the Medina County Agricultural Society. The term of the directors from the following expires: Harrisville, Lafayette, York, Wadsworth, and Homer townships; Lodi, Seville and Wadsworth villages.

All residents of the county holding membership stubs are entitled to vote.

F. M. PLANK, Secretary.

Nov. 10-17-24.

FAZOL
FOR
AFTER SHAVING

You'll never know, Mr. Man, how badly that face and neck of yours needed FAZOL until you use it a few times and see the great improvement. There is absolutely no excuse for any man having a dry, scaly, haggard, leathery face and looking older than he really is, when by the use of a little FAZOL after every shave he can keep the skin in a glow, healthy condition. Ask your druggist for a 35c tube of FAZOL and use it the next time you shave. If you don't say it's the greatest after shaving tonic you ever put on that face of yours, take it back and get your money. It's yours. Sold by all drug stores or direct by mail.

THE FAZOL CO., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Sold by
SEMMERMAN & BACHTEL
W. J. WALL

Second partial account filed in guardianship of Arthur Kelsor.

First and final account filed in estate of Edwin Kellogg, deceased.

First and partial account filed in estate of Robert Fiscus, deceased.

Final account filed in estate of Francis Marion Waltman, deceased.

First and final account filed in estate of Alois F. Grabenstetter, deceased.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Joseph Roy Green of Clintondale, Pa., and Effie E. Cox of Wadsworth.

NOTICE FOR SALE OF BONDS

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Clerk of Liverpool Township Rural School District, Valley City, Ohio, on the 3rd day of December A. D. 1921, at twelve (12) o'clock noon, of said day for the purchase of debenture Bonds of said School District in the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000.00). Said Bonds to be issued in the denominations of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00) each, numbered serially from 1 to 10, bearing date of November 1, 1921. And each bearing from said date interest at the rate of six per cent (6 per cent) per annum payable semi-annually on the 1st days of April and October each year except the first payment of interest shall be made on the 1st day of April 1922.

Said Bonds to be payable as follows: Bond No. 1, on April 1, 1923 and one bond each six months thereafter in consecutive order until fully paid.

Said bonds are issued for the purpose of funding a deficiency in the funds of said School District, existing March 1st, 1921, under an act of the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, passed April 20, 1921, and under a resolution of the Board of Education of said School District authorizing the same, passed October 14, 1921.

Said Bonds will be sold to the highest and best bidder for not less than par and accrued interest in cash. Bidders may bid for all or any part of the bonds, stating the serial number or numbers of Bonds bid for. The Board of Education reserves the right to reject any or all bids. A certified check for 2 per cent of the amount of the bid made payable to the Board of Education, Liverpool Township, must accompany each bid. Checks will be returned to the unsuccessful bidder and the check of the successful bidder will be applied on the purchase price of the bonds.

Proposals must be sealed and endorsed "Bid for Deficiency Bonds."

F. H. WEIDNER, Clerk.

November 14, 1921 Nov. 17-24

THE STATE OF OHIO.

MEDINA COUNTY, Ohio, vs. FRANK AROSZ ET AL. DEFENDANTS.

LEGAL NOTICE

Frank Arosz and Julia Orosz whose last known place of residence was at Sharon Township, Medina County, Ohio, will take notice that Bert Waffie on the 9th day of November, 1921, filed his Petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Medina County, Ohio, to set aside the said Frank Arosz, Julia Orosz, and others, alleging that on the last day of November, 1918, the said Frank Arosz and Julia Orosz made and delivered to this plaintiff one certain promissory note in writing thereby promising